Ham. Into my graue.
Cor. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you.
Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.
Ham. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Cor, You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*
Gil. Health to your Lordship.
Ham. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elsanoure.*
Gil. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*
Ham. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
Gil. What say you?
Ham. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.
Ross. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
Ham. Why I want preferment.
Ross. I thinke not so my lord.
Ham. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
Gil. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Ham. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?
Gil. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not content you.
What entertainement the Players shall haue,

We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
Ham. Players, what Players be they?
Ross. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (stie?
Ham. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-
Gil. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Ham. How then?
Gil. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.
Ham. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes
At my vncle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh (for't,
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.
The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.
Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.
Gil. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe. (Players,
Ham. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.
Cor. My lord, I haue news to tell you.
Ham. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome.*
Cor. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
Ham. Buz, buz.
Cor. The best Actors in Christendome,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22275) LONDON, 1603 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.1) Octavo